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HENRY C. WATSON, EDITOR.

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WAREROOMS,

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SIGHT-SEEING IN GERMANY.

(CONTINUED.)

'On coming out of the Opera House after the first act of *Fra Diavolo*, I met the treacherous *valet de place*, and complained loudly of the disappointment we had experienced. One of the party had rushed home to the Hotel du Nord in despair; the other was on my arm. "It is to me very sorry," said the valet, "but what can I do?" To avoid any more such English, I advised him, rather warmly, in his own vernacular, to be more careful in future—advice which he received with all due contrition, and replied to by asking whether I would not wish to see some of the night-sights of Berlin; Kroll's Garden, the Walhalla, and the Orpheum, were all open and very attractive to the stranger. Having fulfilled the duties of cavalier, I left the ladies to the enjoyment of a cup of tea, and placed myself in the hands of my Mephistopheles *pro tem*.

He took me to Kroll's, where, in an incredibly short space of time, we had a comedy

—a ballet—an operetta by Offenbach—a grossest concert and a magic fountain—the last being the most surprising effect I ever saw on any stage. At first it was an illuminated fountain, such as you have seen at the Palace, the Polytechnic, and many other places in London; but the surprise consisted in the appearance of three female figures, representing the Graces, rising in the middle of the water, bearing a smaller fountain above their heads. When the figures were in position they raised their arms, and the *tableau* was completed by the two fountains playing together. The lime-light, in variegated colors illuminating the water and these figures, produced an effect as artistic and beautiful as it was astonishing. The *habitués* of Kroll's, though they had seen the exhibition 210 times, went mad over it, and applauded accordingly. The Winter Theatre, occasionally converted into a monster ball-room, is well-proportioned and tastefully decorated. The supper and drinking rooms adjoining are extensive and well served. Thence to the Walhalla—a Berlin Alhambra, where you can eat, drink, and smoke even as you do (or can do if you like, though I do not understand how you can like) in Leicester square. A most horrible atmosphere to breathe is that of the Walhalla. Comic songs, comical ballets, "drawing-room acts" of young contortionists, whose parents should be arrested, tried, condemned, and executed, for allowing their children to do such things, and a magic fountain, constituted the programme that was being performed through the fumes of tobacco and hot suppers. The fountain was a more elaborate affair than we had just seen at Kroll's, but not nearly so effective. It lacked refinement. There was no art in the display. The figures rose in the middle of the water with the second fountain on their heads, but they were heavy in appearance, and instead of raising the hand fountain, kept it glued to their heads, and not always straight. More labor had probably been bestowed on the exhibition, but it wanted that finishing touch which only a true artist can give to any picture, whether on canvas or a *tableau vivant*, and which touch contributed so essentially to the effect of the magic fountain at Kroll's Garden. I was glad to get away from the Walhalla even to go the Orpheum, which in comparison was a very Paradise. Oh! those halls of dazzling light! As I told my traveling relatives the next morning, it was not a place to which I could have taken them, however thick their veils might have been. They might not have approved the very strange

evening costumes I saw there. The Orpheum is the midnight ball-room of Berlin, and when all more reasonable people are indulging in peaceful slumber, the young bloods of all classes are there tripping gaily on the light fantastic toe to the inevitable headache of the day to come. I had enough of the Orpheum in a few minutes, but it was certainly worth seeing, if only to compare the very tasteful manner in which it is decorated with the gaudy ornamentation of similar places in the old country. Mirrors line the walls, while the different rooms are fitted up like gardens, the spaces for dancing being bordered by flower-beds and shelving parterres of green sward. Exotic plants and trees, whose branches intertwine, form avenues, up and down which the breathless dancers promenade after an exhausting waltz, and there are delightful bowers in which you can sup apparently *al fresco*, while the waterfall makes most pleasant music to your ear.

One act of *Fra Diavolo* and the different amusements I have mentioned afforded rather a varied programme for one evening, and, considering I had got through it before twelve o'clock, it cannot be said that I lost much time in the pursuit of pleasure (!) on this particular occasion. The next morning we had to go through the Iron Bijou Palace, the poorest looking of all the Royal houses we had yet seen. It was a want of policy on the part of our guide to show us all the splendid Palaces of Potsdam, and leave this to the last. No comparison, however, could have made it better or worse. It is more like an old toy-shop than a dwelling-place. There are the old sledges of Frederic Wilhelm and Frederick the Great his son, their garden chairs and sedan chairs. Many pictures, but none worth much. In a corner of a long room stands a lathe which the housekeeper said had been sent by Peter of Russia to Frederic Wilhelm after a visit the Czar had paid the stingy Prussian King, bringing with him a suite 250 strong, which suite had turned the Bijou Palace "out of windows," very much to the disgust of the Royal host. The toy-shop also contains models of two coffins—very unsightly toys they are—made, it is said, by order of Frederic Wilhelm. According to the housekeeper, one of these coffins, by command of the King, was placed in a ball-room when dancing was going on, "*pour encourager les danseurs*." Three days after, the monarch died. I do not at the moment recollect any such circumstances in Prussian history, and believe our informant, in this instance, gave us a *canard* to swallow. He seemed, however, to credit the story himself.

Sad to say, the Museum in Berlin was closed the only day we had to spare, and so we took our departure without seeing it. The frescoes on the walls of the exterior are out of place and not effective. They are not consistent with the color of the building, the appearance of which is rather damaged than otherwise by the decoration.

From Berlin to Hamburg, a long and dreary journey, the monotony of which was somewhat relieved by my dear companion, Henry de Kook, who can and does play the very Dickens (*i. e.* Charles Dickens), with *ennui* and melancholy when you are abroad. We also made a vain effort to convince ourselves that a Hamburg shilling is not a shilling at all, but something less than a penny. In fact, when H. de K.'s *brin d'amour* came to an end, there was nothing to do but to study Hamburg money, and we tried to master its varieties most seriously. The money changing

is the most harassing circumstance incidental to Continental traveling. Change a ten-pound-note at Frankfurt, and keep on changing it until you come to Hamburg; if you pass through Dresden and Berlin, see what it will come to! Not much, you will knowingly say, of course, and probably think the proposition absurd, considering there would be none of it left at the end of such a journey. But I repeat the proposition, and if you will try it—barring traveling expenses altogether—you will find your ten-pound-note in such a state of confusion by the "course of exchange," that its value will have become, in the long run, quite a matter of history. It is terrible to contemplate the reductions and changes it will have experienced; the Friedrichs—thalers—silber groschen—neugroschen—marks—double marks—Rixdollars—marks banco—shillings that are not shillings. *Heu mihi!* my head aches at the thought of all the trouble the numismatic puzzle caused me.

In Hamburg, Murray told us to go to the Hotel de l'Europe, and we did so. It is a big house on the Alster Platz, with a good view of the Alster Basin—a fine sheet of water in the middle of the city, on which the smallest of small steamers move about. These boats looked like so many dragon flies flitting over the water when I saw them from my window on the evening arrived. It was dark, and little else of them was visible than their blue-red and yellow lights, which, reflected in the water, had a most strange effect.

Sallying forth the next morning to see the sights of Hamburg, we hailed a droshki, and one of us having a passion for cemeteries, desired the driver to go to the principal *Fried Hof*. That driver knew his business well, and how to take in innocent foreigners still better.

The cemeteries in Hamburg are remarkable. They occupy a very large space of ground not five minutes' walk from the hotel at which we stayed. The cunning driver, finding we were strangers, knowing it would not be worth his while to drive us so short a distance, chose to mistake our instructions, and took us out to the Altona Burial-ground, some five miles distant. We returned more or less disappointed at what we had gone so far to see, and very much more than less frozen than when we started. It was a damp, cold day, and a drive of ten miles through a dense mist was by no means pleasant. The driver afterwards drove us past the cemeteries, and excused himself by saying he thought we ought to see the Altona ground first, it being so much smaller than the others. It was an arrangement very much more profitable to himself, but not quite so much so as he expected, for the surly porter at the Hotel de l'Europe declared he should not swindle the English with impunity, and only paid him half what he demanded, telling him to go somewhere (I can't say where) for the rest—a settlement to which the villainous driver was forced to assent.

The *table d'hôte*, at the Hotel de l'Europe in Hamburg, is the very noisiest I ever dined at. It is numerously attended, having a reputation it does not deserve for being first-rate. The service is carried on with military exactitude. The dishes are brought in by a body of waiters, and placed before the hungry guests. A certain time is allowed for the consumption of the viands, and then, at a given signal from the waiter commander-in-chief, the plates are removed.

Heavens! what a clatter they make. In a minute or so you cannot hear yourself speak; then all is still again until the next remove, when the noise is repeated until you are very nearly deaf at the end of dinner.

In a hall of the hotel I found this programme:—

Freitag, den 25. October, Abends 7½ Uhr.
im grossen Wörmer'schen Saale:

2TC ABEND-UNTERHALTUNG

FÜR
VOCAL-UND INSTRUMENTAL-MUSIK,
GEGEBEN VON

CLARA SCHUMANN

UND

JULIUS STOCKHAUSEN,

unter gefälliger Mitwirkung eines DAMEN-CHORS der SING-AKADEMIE,
und der Herren BRANDT, BEER und GOWA.

PROGRAMM.

1. Quartett für Pianoforte, Violine, Viola und Cello, in G-moll von..... Mozart.
2. Lieder aus der "Winterreise," von Schubert.
(Im Dorfe. — Der stürmische Morgen. — Täuschungen. — Der Wegweiser. — Der Frühlingstraum.)
3. Variations sérieuses p. F., Op. 54, von Mendelssohn.
4. (a) Romance a. "Joconde," v..... Nicolo Isouard.
(b) Tarantella aus "Soirées musicales," von Rossini.
5. Carnaval, Scenes mignonnes, p. F., Op. 7, von R. Schumann.
(Preamble. — Pierrot. — Harlequin. — Valse noble. — Papillon. — Lettres dantes. — Chiarina. — Chopin. — Reconnaissance. — Pantalon et Colombine. — Valse allemande et Paganini. — Aven. — Pause. — Marsch der Davidbundler gegen die Philister.)
6. Fünf Frauenchöre, von..... J. Brahms.
(a) Minnelied (J. H. Voss) von J. Brahms.
(b) Soldatenbraut (E. Morike) von R. Schumann.
(c) Die Nonne (L. Uhland) von J. Brahms.
(d) Die Kapelle (L. Uhland) von R. Schumann.
(e) Der Wassermann (J. Kerner) von R. Schumann.

Of course I went to the "Abend-Unterhaltung," and very much amused I was. Everyone knows Madame Schumann and Julius Stockhausen, but every one does not know that the latter is settled in Hamburg, and has there attained an eminent position as the first professor of music and teacher of singing. He is the *enfant gâté* of the Hamburg merchant princes, and rules with despotic sway in all matters musical in that particular corner of the world. The concert-room was crammed to suffocation. It was a large room, too, but large as it was, it could not contain all who came to attend the concert. Some went away, some were contented with places where it was almost impossible to hear the music. The programme, as far as Stockhausen was concerned, hardly pleased me. His voice is greatly improved, and his style of singing is perfect. Without any effort he sings with great power and purity of tone. But the songs he selected on this occasion were not suited to him. He did them every justice, but they could do him none. The *Winterreise* are not concert songs. Charming as chamber music, they lose all their effect in public. Isouard's *romance* was the happiest choice and succeeded best. In that the singer made a great impression, and would have been encored had not the *tarantella* been announced to follow it.

Madame Schumann played as she always plays, artistically and conscientiously. The "Scenes mignonnes" was an inspired performance compared with the quartet and "Variations sérieuses." There is something truly romantic in the devotion of this

gifted lady to the genius of her husband, and in the object of making his compositions popular, to which she seems to dedicate her talents and her life. The Ladies' Choruses, under Stockhausen's direction, went well, and were an agreeable termination to a very interesting concert.

The second evening we went to the Stadt Theater. The ladies had to listen to a German *lustspiel* called "*Kurzsichtig*," somewhat tiresome to them, but they were rewarded for their patience by hearing a capital version of Offenbach's *Fritzchen und Lieschen*, admirably performed by Fraulein Weinberger and Fraulein Fischer, respectively. Miss Fischer, what a charming little actress you are! There's no one, not even in Paris, who could sing and act the coy Alsacienne half as well as you do. The performances were over by ten o'clock, and then we had to push our way through a crowd of theatre-goers, who were smoking their pipes and discussing the comedy and operetta in the vestibule of the Stadt Theater, a very different state of affairs to that we had hitherto met with in our experiences of Continental theatres.

The Zoological Gardens, made, I think, a greater impression on my *compagnes de voyage* than any other sight they saw in Hamburg—always excepting the cemeteries. The Gardens are excellent in their way—the best I should say in Europe. The collection is finer than that in the Regent's Park, and better kept. The animals are provided with dens and cages constructed according to their particular habits. The polar bear, for instance, instead of being pent up in prison where he has no alternative between a cold bath or a bed, as in the Regent's Park, has large rocks on which to wander about, and very picturesque he looks in such an appropriate home. The eagles have an aviary some hundred feet high; and for the owls, the counterfeited ruins of an old castle have been put up, every nook and cranny of which forms a natural cage for the ominous inhabitants of ivied walls, whose splendid eyes glare at you at every turn you take when surveying the ruins aforesaid.

The aquarium is a great feature in the Gardens, and better stocked than any I ever saw. The monster crabs and gigantic lobsters there to be seen stalking about and clawing their neighbors are things well worth watching for a short time.

The serpents, it would appear, are allowed more liberty than is perhaps quite consistent with the safety of visitors, for I found one on the gravel path, and called the attention of one of the keepers to its movements. The man very quietly took it up and gave it the skirt of his coat to bite, into which the reptile darted its fangs and then seemed harmless, for the keeper handled it as though it were nothing more than a coil of rope. Had one of the lions escaped, as did the serpent, it would, I fancy, have handled the keeper's coat after another fashion.

From Hamburg to Hanover, and on the road a visit from the custom-house officers at Harburg. Why will ladies carry about bits of silk, on which they know, or at any rate ought to know, there is a duty to pay? And (a still more important question) why will they, when they are requested to say whether there is "*ried à déclarer*," invariably reply, "*nong, rieng*," knowing all the while the bits of silk are sure to be found if the boxes be opened? On my word, it's very difficult to say. Had one of our party been less ob-

stinate in such matters, we should not have had that scene at Harburg; there would have been no tears shed over the bit of tartan silk; and I should not have had to apologize to the unfortunate *douanier* for all the harsh things that were said to him in an unknown tongue when he was simply doing his duty. But, as the two thalers were paid and the silk restored to the lady's box, it is perhaps as well not to say anything more on this distressing subject.

WALTER MAYNARD.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MUSIC OF NATURE.

"THE BANSHÉE WAIL."

The Rev. Charles Bunworth was rector of Buttevant in the county of Cork, about the middle of the last century. He was a man of unaffected piety and of sound learning, pure in heart and benevolent in intention. By the rich he was respected, and by the poor beloved. He was the friend and benefactor of the surrounding country. To him, from the neighboring town of Newmarket, came John Philpot, Curran and Barny Yelverton for advice, previous to their entrance at Dublin College. Young, indigent and inexperienced, these afterwards eminent men received from him, in addition to the advice they sought, pecuniary aid; and the brilliant career which was theirs justified the discrimination of the giver. What, however, extended the fame of Mr. Bunworth, far beyond the limits of the parishes adjacent, was his performance on the Irish harp and his hospitality and kind reception of the poor harpers who travelled from house to house about the country. Grateful to their patron, those itinerant musicians sang his praise, to the tinkling accompaniment of their harps, invoking in return for his bounty, abundant blessings on his white head, and celebrating in their rude verses, the blooming charms of his two daughters, Elizabeth and Mary. It was all these poor fellows could do; but who can doubt that their gratitude was sincere when, at the time of Mr. Bunworth's death, no less than fifteen harps were deposited on the loft of his granary, bequeathed to him by the last members of a race which has now ceased to exist. Trifling, no doubt, in intrinsic value were these relics, yet there is something in gifts of the heart that merits preservation, and it is to be regretted that, when he died, these harps were broken up, one after the other, and used as firewood by an ignorant follower of the family, who, on their removal to Cork for a temporary change of scene, was left in charge of the house.

The circumstances attending the death of Mr. Bunworth may be doubted by some, but there were, twenty years back, many credible witnesses who declared their authenticity, and who could have been produced to attest most, if not all, of the following particulars:

About a week previous to his dissolution, and early in the evening, a noise was heard at the hall door resembling the shearing of sheep, but, at the time, no particular attention was paid to it. It was nearly eleven o'clock the same night when Kavanagh, the herdsman, returned from Mallow, whither he had been sent in the afternoon for some medicine, and was observed by Miss Bunworth, to whom he delivered the parcel, to be much agitated. At this time, it must be observed, her father was by no means considered in danger. "What is the matter, Kava-

nagh?" asked Miss Bunworth; but the poor fellow, with a bewildered look, only uttered, "The master, Miss—the master—he is going from us," and, overcome with real grief, he burst into a flood of tears. Miss Bunworth, who was a woman of strong nerve, enquired if anything he had learned in Mallow induced him to believe that her father was worse. "No, Miss," said Kavanagh, "it was not in Mallow—" "Kavanagh," said Miss Bunworth, "I fear you have been drinking, which, I must say, I did not expect at such a time as the present, when it was your duty to have kept yourself sober. But I will speak to you in the morning, when you are in a fitter state to understand what I say." Kavanagh looked up with a stupidity of aspect which did not serve to remove the impression of his being drunk, but his voice was not that of an intoxicated person. "Miss," said he, "as I hope to receive mercy hereafter, neither bit nor sup has passed my lips since I left this house; but the master—we will lose him, we will lose him!" and he wrung his hands together. "What is it you mean, Kavanagh?" asked Miss Bunworth. "Is it mean?" said Kavanagh. "The Banshee has come for him, Miss, and 'tis not I alone who have heard her." "'Tis an idle superstition," said Miss Bunworth. "May be so," replied Kavanagh, "but as I came through the glen of Ballybeg she was along with me keening and screeching, and clapping her hands by my side, every step of the way, with her long white hair falling about her shoulders; and I could hear her repeat the master's name every now and then, as plain as ever I heard it. When I came to the old abbey she parted from me and turned into the pigeon field next the *berrin* ground, and folding her cloak about her, down she sat under the tree that was struck by the lightning, and began keening so bitterly that it went through one's heart to hear it." "Kavanagh," said Miss Bunworth, who had listened to this remarkable relation, "my father is, I believe, better, and I hope will soon be up and able to convince you that all this is but your own fancy; nevertheless, I charge you not to mention what you have told me, for there is no occasion to frighten your fellow-servants with the story."

Mr. Bunworth gradually declined; but nothing particular occurred until the night previous to his death. That night both his daughters, exhausted with continued attendance and watching, were prevailed on to seek some repose, and an old lady, a friend of the family, remained by the bedside of their father. The old gentleman then lay in the parlor, where he had been in the morning removed at his own request, fancying the change would afford him relief; and the head of his bed was placed close to the window. In a room adjoining sat some male friends, and as usual, on like occasions in Ireland, in the kitchen many of the followers of the family had assembled. The night was serene and moonlight, the sick man slept, and nothing broke the stillness of the melancholy watch, when the little party in the room adjoining the parlor, the door of which stood open, was suddenly roused by a sound at the window near the bed. A rose tree grew outside the window, so close as to touch the glass. This was forced aside with some noise, and a low moaning was heard, accompanied by clapping of hands, as if of a female in deep affliction. It seemed as if the sound proceeded from a person holding her mouth close to the window. The lady who sat by